

At seven and twenty Wolfe left Scotland, having already to seven years' experience of warfare added five years experience of difficult command. He is now able to move about a little and open his mind, which has been long cramped by confinement in Highland quarters. He visits an uncle in Ireland, and, as one of the victors of Culloden, views with special interest that field of the Boyne, where in the last generation Liberty and Progress had triumphed over the House of Stuart. "I had more satisfaction in looking at this spot than in all the variety that I have met with; and perhaps there is not another piece of ground in the world that I could take so much pleasure to observe." Then, though with difficulty, he obtained the leave of the pipe-clay Duke to go to Paris. There he saw the hollow grandeur of the decaying monarchy and the immorial glories of Pompadour. "I was yesterday at Versailles, a cold spectator of what we commonly call splendour and magnificence. A multitude of men and women were assembled to bow and pay their compliments in the most submissive manner to a creature of their own species." He went into the great world, to which he gains admission with an ease which shows that he has a good position, and tries to make up his leeway in the graces by learning to fence, dance, and ride. He wishes to extend his tour and see the European armies; but the Duke inexorably calls him back to pipe-clay. It is proposed to him that he should undertake the tutorship of the young Duke of Richmond on a military tour through the Low Countries. But he declines the offer. "I don't think myself quite equal to the task, and as for the pension that might follow, it is very certain that it would not become me to accept it. I can't take money from any one but the King, my master, or from some of his blood."

Back, therefore, to England and two years more of garrison duty there. Quartered in the high-perched keep of Dover where "the winds rattle pretty loud" and cut off from the world without, as he says by the absence of newspapers or coffee houses, he employs the tedious hours in reading while his officers waste them in piquet. The ladies in the town below complain through Miss Brett to Mrs. Wolfe of the unsociality of the garrison. "Tell Nannie Brett's ladies," Wolfe replies, "that if they lived so loftily and as much in the clouds as we do, their appetites for dancing or anything else would not be so keen. If we dress, the wind disorders our curls; if we walk we are in danger of our legs; if we ride, of our necks." Afterwards, however, he takes to dancing to please the ladies and apparently grows fond of it.

Among the High Tories of Devonshire he has to do a little more of the work of pacification in which he had been employed in the Highlands. "We are upon such terms with the people in general that I have been forced to put on all my address, and employ my best skill to conciliate matters. It begins to work a little favourably, but not certainly, because the perverseness of these folks, built upon their disaffection, makes the task very difficult. We had a little ball last night to celebrate His Majesty's birthday—purely military; that is the men were all officers except one. The female branches of the Tory families came readily enough, but not one man would accept the invitation because it was the King's birthday. If it had not fallen in my way to see such an instance of folly I should not readily be brought to conceive it." He has once more to sully a soldier's sword by undertaking police duty against the poor Gloucestershire weavers, who are on strike, and, as he judges, not without good cause. "This expedition carries me a little out of my road and a little in the dirt. . . . I hope I will turn out a good recruiting party, for the people are

so oppressed, so poor and so wretched, that they will perhaps hazard a knock on the pate for bread and clothes and turn soldiers through sheer necessity."

Chatham and glory are now at hand; and the hero is ready for the hour—*Sed mors atra caput nigra circumvolat umbra.** "Folks are surprised to see the meagre, decaying, consumptive figure of the son, when the father and mother preserve such good looks; and people are not easily persuaded that I am one of the family. The campaigns of 1742, '4, '5, '6, and '7 stripped me of my bloom, and the winters in Scotland and at Dover have brought me almost to old age and infirmity, and this without any remarkable intemperance. A few years more or less are of very little consequence to the common run of men, and therefore I need not lament that I am perhaps somewhat nearer my end than others of my time. I think and write upon these points without being at all moved. It is not the vapours, but a desire I have to be familiar with those ideas which frighten and terrify the half of mankind that makes me speak upon the subject of my dissolution."

The biographer aptly compares Wolfe to Nelson. Both were frail in body, aspiring in soul, sensitive, liable to fits of despondency, sustained against all weaknesses by an ardent zeal for the public service, and gifted with the same quick eye and the same intuitive powers of command. But it is also a just remark that there was more in Nelson of the love of glory, more in Wolfe of the love of duty. "It is no time to think of what is convenient or agreeable; that service is certainly the best in which we are the most useful. For my part I am determined never to give myself a moment's concern about the nature of the duty which His Majesty is pleased to order us upon; and whether it is by sea or by land that we are to act in obedience to his commands, I hope that we shall conduct ourselves so as to deserve his approbation. It will be sufficient comfort to you, too, as far as my person is concerned, at least it will be a reasonable consolation, to reflect that the Power which has hitherto preserved me may, if it be his pleasure, continue to do so; if not, that it is but a few days or a few years more or less, and that those who perish in their duty and in the service of their country die honourably. I hope I shall have resolution and firmness enough to meet every appearance of danger without great concern, and not be over solicitous about the event." "I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases; and that I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition both with the gravel and rheumatism; but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers itself; if I followed my own taste it would lead me into Germany; and if my poor talent was consulted they should place me in the cavalry, because nature has given me good eyes and a warmth of temper to follow the first impressions. However, it is not our part to choose but to obey."

All know that the way in which Mr. Pitt pleased to dispose of the "slight carcass" was by sending it to Rochefort, Louisbourg, Quebec. Montcalm, when he found himself dying, shut himself up with his Confessor and the Bishop of Quebec, and to those who came to him for orders said "I have business that must be attended to of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country." Wolfe's last words were, "Tell Colonel Baxter to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the Bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace."

*But gloomy death, with its dark shadow, hovered about the head.—*Ed.*